3d.

AN HEROICK POEM TO THE KING,

Upon the Arrival of the

Morocco and Bantam EMBASSADORS,

TO HIS

MAJESTY OF GREAT BRITAIN,

In the Year 1682.

Et penitus toto jam notos orbe Britannos.

LONDON,

Printed for *Francis Hicks*, Bookseller in *Cambridge*.

M DC LXXXII. 4 July.

AN HEROICK POEM TO THE KING,

Upon the Arrival of the

Morocco and Bantam EMBASSADORS,

TO HIS

Majeſty of Great Britain.

In the Year 1682.

HAil, God-like *Charles!* the Genius of our Land,
Who, like the Cherub, o're our *Eden* ſtand,
The Gods beſt Gift, the Darling of the Fates,
The great *Palladium* of Three ſinking States;
When War, that raging Dog-Star, long had kept
The Day, and, like ſome bloody Comet, ſwept
And travers'd all the Skies long ſpacious Stage,
And fainting *Albion* bent beneath its rage,

You by relenting Gods was ſent from Heaven,
Like Health and Eaſe to ſickly Mortals given.
Welcome as new-ſprung Light, or dawning Day
To Gloomy Souls after a half years ſtay;
Like Men in *Greenland*, (when your Martyr'd Sire
Too good for Earth, to Heaven did retire;
When his declining Sun Blood-red went down)
A tedious live-long Night uſurpt our Noon.
No pitying Ray was ſeen, no heavenly Spark,
But groaping on, we ſtumbled in the Dark:
Thoſe petty Stars that ſhin'd with borrow'd light,
The Sun being gone, but ſhew'd that it was Night.
Diſgrac'd and ſullied was fair *Albions* Face,
Horrid Confuſion crept o're every Grace,
And in each Feature proudly ſat and Reign'd,
The Frightful *Dæmon* ſtalk't thro' all the Land.
Bold *Anarchy* did over all controul,
Our giddy World ſtagger'd from Pole to Pole.
And in this loneſom Waſte of Nature we,
Treading the Mazes of blind Deſtiny,
Had wander'd ſtill; but Heaven meant us Reſt,
And ſending You, *For Ever* (ſaid) *be bleſt*;
Your Genial Warmth, and all-enlivening Wings,
When once ſpread o're this rumpled *Maſs* of things,
It's ſtrange Prolifick Heat did ſoon diſpence,
And from its Womb bid a new World commence.
And now a Glorious Orb of Light did riſe
From out this Chaos; in the *Eaſtern* Skies
The ſcatter'd Seeds of Day with haſte did run,
And fill'd their Ranks, to meet the New-born Sun.
Treaſon and Faction left their Station quite,
And all th' Infernal Goblins of the Night

Scatter'd

Scatter'd like Miſts, and trembling march'd away
As ſtragling Spirits at the ſight of Day.
The Waters thus abated off the Ground
(That with loud Ruine did our World confound)
The Ark ſtood ſtill, ſo long to Seas confin'd,
And to the Shore its Royal Charge reſign'd.
Now Loyalty firm Land and Footing found,
And *Io Carole* thro' all the Iſle did ſound;
The Land loud Peals of Joy to th' Ocean ſent,
The *rageing Sea* ſtood ſtill, and *wondred* what it meant;
The Revelling *Winds* did ſtraight give o're their *play*,
And gentle Breezes kiſs'd the Watry way.
Thus, *Sacred Sir*, broke from that envious Cloud,
Whoſe ſullen Veil your Glories once did ſhroud,
In a ſerene compoſed Skie you play,
And ride triumphantly the God of Day;
Thus having left your Sufferings far behind,
You live a laſting Bleſſing to Mankind.
See how the wondring World with eager pace
(Joy in their Eyes, Amazement in their Face)
Move forward, brought by mighty *Charles* his *Name*,
(The Worlds grand Talk, the *Common Place* of *Fame*)
The Swarthy *Indian* and the Tawny *Moor*
View Seas and Skies they never knew before:
With willing haſte they leave their Heat and Fire,
And to this corner of the *Worlds* great Houſe retire,
Where Winter rages, and the *Nothern* Bear,
And angry Clouds ſit on the Brow of Air;
To bask 'em in Great *Charles* his Beams they run,
Not half ſo bleſt in their *Meridian Sun*.
The *Moor*, who long incloſed had been pent
Within parch't *Africa's* dull Continent,

Whoſe untaught Hands did ſeldom ply the Oar,
And trembling always crept along the Shore,
Fir'd at the noiſe of the fam'd *Britiſh* Land,
His active Soul diſdains the lazy Sand,
And lanching forth, he plows th' *Atlantick* Main,
Does boldly ſtrive the Northern Pole to gain,
And reach thoſe wondrous *Magazins* of *Hail* & *Rain*.
Our skill in Arms they long ſince underſtood,
'Twas writ in fatal Characters of Blood;
This Truth they learnt on *Tangiers* noble Plains,
Strow'd thick with *Limbs*, beſmear'd with *diſmal ſtains*.
Our thundring Cannons warlike voice they'd heard,
And much its ſound, but more its breath they fear'd,
Whoſe poyſonous Influence does as ſurely wound,
As that which in their Baſilisk is found.
Now as in War themſelves outdone they ſee,
They fain wou'd find it ſo in Courteſie,
Wou'd ſtrait grow proud the *Apoſtles* they might be
Their Nation to convert to Manners and Civility.
Their Neighbour-Iſlands (long ſince out of date)
Purblind Antiquity call'd *Fortunate*;
But there the wanton Sun with too much Day
(Like your fond Mothers who their Babes o'relay)
Does reign, and all his boiling Globe diſplay,
And kiſſes their Complexion quite away.
But here, they ſay's the place deſign'd by Fate,
The Seat of all that's Fortunate or Great.
Our beauteous Iſle her Glories does diſplay,
And ſeems to put the other Earth away.
So lay *Peru*, with all the Weſtern World,
Before the greedy *Spaniard* dreamt of Gold
In rich *Potozi*'s Mines.

Plenty

Plenty thro' all the Nation you may read,
The burden'd Corn hangs down its aged Head,
And Courts the Sickle; whilſt abroad 'tis found
The Swain's own Corps does oft manure his *Ground.*
Conſuming want, with all her tatter'd Train,
In other Lands, and new-found Worlds, does Reign.
Peace is our Portion; none dare Whiſper Wars,
And Love uſurps upon our home-bread Jarrs.
The *Britiſh* Oak bravely rides Admiral
Amidſt the Floating Foreſt, every Sail
Pays Homage to this God o'th' Watry Main,
And all, like Pleaſure-Boats, make up the Train.
When all the World beſide blind Error led,
And pure Religion, frighted, from it fled,
Our Land leapt up, and like another *Dele*
The wandring Goddeſs took, *and us'd her well.*
Bleſt in all theſe, but doubly bleſt in thee
(Of all that's Good the true Epitome)
Great *Charles*, our Faith's Defender and our Laws,
From all-deſigning *Rome*'s inſatiate Jaws,
From the fly Monſter of the *Lemane* Lake,
That at our Happineſs ſuch Thruſts does make.
Pity ſuch Virtue ſhou'd Confinement ſee,
But Odour-like ſcatter its Fragrancy;
As if too much for us, juſt Heaven takes care
In the vaſt Bleſſing every Land ſhou'd ſhare;
The *World's* too ſmall; you have out-travell'd Fame,
And reach'd thoſe Countries where ſhe never came;
The Journey but half done, her Pinions flagg'd,
Thus after the *Pellæan* Youth ſhe lagg'd;
What tho' a hundred Tongues ſhe can run o're,
Our mighty Monarch's ſpoken of in more.

The Weſtern World has long endur'd our Yoke;
In *Africa* our Language too is ſpoke;
Haughty *Algire* now humbly ſues for Peace,
From Blood and War ſhe begs a full Releaſe.
But ſee how *Aſia* comes, and does adore,
Emptying her Lap of Riches on our Shore;
So 'tis; the ſcattering light with them has been,
They in the Eaſt your Glorious Star have ſeen.
Thus with an eaſier Conqueſt you have gain'd
The *Indies*, than the *Spaniard*, or the feign'd
Great God of Wine; he went, and overcame;
You ſit at home, and yet can do the ſame.
The *Indians* daily view the Riſing Sun,
Exactly know where he his March begun;
But long had wiſh'd for that more curious Sight,
Where he Lights Mantle throws off every Night,
Where he is wont to ſet his wearied Steeds,
Whether on Land they feed, or graze in Heavenly (Meads.
Much had they heard, and long had underſtood,
Of *Phœbus* plunging in the Weſtern Flood;
But that was all——when now a Thought begun
To work, which was to travel with the Sun.
After a tedious March, they ſaw him ſtand
Over our Weſtern Seas and *Britiſh* Land.
This, like the Eaſtern *Magi*, they conclude
To be the Glorious place of his Abode;
Their coſtly Preſents here they ſtraight unfold,
The Pearl, the Diamond, and Almighty Gold;
Before our Monarchs Feet are pour'd and hurl'd
The ſhining Entrails of the Eaſtern World.

India

India her Coral hither does command,
And Groves of *Ebony* tranſplanted here do ſtand,
Th' exhauſted Treaſures both of Sea and Land.
Let *Portugal* o're *Tagus* Flood Command,
Their Country Rivers roll o're Richer Sands.
Thus *Sheba*'s Queen, from the remoteſt Shore
Of all *Arabia*'s bleſſed Land, through ſtore
Of parched Sands, and loneſom Deſarts paſt,
Till *Zions* glittering Towers ſhe ſpy'd at laſt;
What tho' her Land a Bed of Spices were,
And fragrant Atoms floated in the Air?
What tho' *Apollo*'s Bird here makes her Neſt?
(Our Maſter by his Choice would have expreſt,
That Learned Men like that ſhall ever live,
And in their Urns a Deathleſs name preſerve)
A greater Miracle her Progreſs Crown'd,
When ſhe *Jeſſides* God-like Son had found;
Thro' *Salem*'s thronged Streets with gazing ſpent,
She paſs'd along, and wondred as ſhe went;
Streets pav'd with Men, and *Windows* ſtor'd with Eyes,
Their Meen, their Garb, their goodly Palaces
Did half confound her Sight; but this was nought,
Ye Gods! to what the Charming Stranger ſought
In *Solomon*; her Senſe with wondrous Art
All o're him run, yet ſeem'd to dwell on every part.
"Thrice happy, ſaid the faireſt Queen, and bleſt
"Are ye his Lords, who are his daily Gueſts,
"Who hear thoſe Oracles and Charming Sounds,
"That with ſuch *pleaſure* ſtrikes, and *ſweetneſs* wounds;
"You who a Wife and Gracious Prince do know,
"The two beſt Gifts that Heaven can beſtow.
So ſpake the Queen.

And

Thus, *Great Sir*, like that VVise Man you Reign,
Above what e're Antiquity cou'd feign;
And if a Muse can ought of promise give,
Like him in after Ages you shall live.
Mean while the *Dutchman*, *Mounsier*, and the *Dane*
Stand off to view the Pompous, Gawdy Train;
In vain they Fret, in vain the Nations Rail,
To see the *Indies* down our River Sail.
Thus *Rome* of old with Foreign Nations swarm'd,
From every Land, from every Coast alarm'd,
At her Luxuriant growth; their Tribute here
At this great Shrine they paid with awful fear;
At Great *Augustus* Name the *Parthian* shook,
With Reverence bow'd, and his Steel Bow forsook;
None cou'd endure the *Roman* Eagles sight,
The *Mede*, the *Scythian* sneak't like Birds of Night.
Tho' to the World many pretenders were,
'Twas he alone both Woo'd and Wedded her.

FINIS.